Fruits of Early PIETY,

Conſiſting of

Several Chriſtian Experiences, Meditations and Admonitions.

Written in VERSE,

By RICHARD BOCKETT, *jun.*

Very Profitable for the Peruſal of YOUTH.

Eccleſiaſtes 12. 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.*

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THE TESTIMONY OF *Richard* and *Elizabeth BOCKETT*, Concerning their SON RICHARD BOCKETT, *deceaſed.*

OUR well-beloved Son, Richard Bockett, *was born in* London *on the* 26*th Day of the* 8*th Month, in the Year* 1693.

He was one whom the Lord was pleaſed to Viſit in his young Years, and gave him a Sight of his holy Way, to wit, Chriſt Jeſus, *the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and alſo enabled him to walk therein in a good degree, wherein he met with*

with that Peace and Satisfaction, as we conclude engaged him in his very young Age to write theſe Exhortations and wholeſome Advice laid down in the following Lines, which came to hand ſince his deceaſe, which we freely make publick, in hopes it may be of ſome ſervice, eſpecially to the Youth.

He was ſeized with a violent Fever on the 13*th Day of the* 6*th Month,* 1721, *which continued on him five Weeks but remained very ſenſible all the firſt Week of his Illneſs. Fearing his Senſes might not long continue, his Mother was concerned tenderly to ask him,* How it was with him, as to his inward Condition, and whether he had witneſſed at times and ſeaſons the Enjoyment of the Preſence of the Lord.

His anſwer was Yea, many a time ; *and alſo ſaid,* it had been his deſire rather to be taken out of this World, than to bring any Diſhonour to the Lord. *Which was a Comfort to her to hear ; this being the ſeventh day ſince he was firſt taken Ill : That Evening he took to his Bed, expecting to have a very bad Night ; but contrary to his Expectation, the Lord was exceeding good to him, which brought him into great ſtillneſs of Mind, After ſome time*

time, his Mother being in the Room, he ſoftly called, Mother, let all be ſtill. *Then ſhe ſat down by his Bed-ſide, and was ſenſible the Lord was near to him, and was pleaſed to ſolace his Soul with his Goodneſs in a wonderful Manner. So he lay ſtill for ſome time, and afterwards brake forth in a heavenly frame of Spirit, and ſaid,* Mother, I feel no pain, I lye as in a Bed of Roſes; *and ſo continued in great ſtillneſs for ſome conſiderable time, and expreſs'd again,* 'Twas Joy unſpeakeable that the Lord was pleas'd to make him a partaker of. *Which ſhe was thankful to the Lord for his merciful Viſitation that he was pleaſed to beſtow on him at ſuch a time of need. Next Morning he gave her a more particular Account how it had been with him that Night while in the time of his Stillneſs*: He thought his Spirit was aſcended out of his Body into Heaven, where he beheld ſuch a glorious Light as he never had beheld the like, and heard ſuch ſweet melodious Sounds that he deſired to tarry there, but it was not long e're he thought his Spirit returned into the Body again. *After this his Diſtemper grew ſtronger on him, ſo that his Life was not expected by any that ſaw him. He was wonderfully preſerved in his Senſes, and bore his Diſtemper with great Patience and*

Re-

Reſignation to the Will of God, either to live or die; and when we could not forbear weeping, expecting to part with him, he looked upon us and ſaid, Do not grieve too much; if we muſt part, I hope we ſhall meet in Heaven.

After five Weeks, his Diſtemper pretty well left him, that he ſeemed to be in a fair way of Recovery, and remained ſo four Weeks, which gave us great hopes of his longer continuance with us: But to our ſudden ſuprize he was taken with a very great bleeding (that proceeded from his Lungs) which he brought up by a Cough that began on a firſt Day in the Evening, and continued by Fits all that Night; and the next Day in the Forenoon he had another bad Fit of bleeding, ſo that we did not expect him to ſpeak any more, for he ſeemed as gone, But the Lord was pleaſed to break in upon his Soul by his mighty Power, by which his Mouth was opened in Prayer; a ſmall part of which we ſtill remember, (which was as followeth) O Glorious Lord, Thou canſt bring down to the brink of the Grave, and canſt raiſe up again to praiſe thy Holy Name: Thy Goodneſs has wonderfully broke in upon my Soul at this time,

time, when at another time I could hardly have deſires for my ſelf: But thou haſt wonderfully appeared to my Soul at this time, and haſt ſealed thy Salvation to me.

A Friend coming ſoon after his Prayer was ended, and finding him to appearance near his End, was willing to tarry with him, ſhe thinking it would not be long before there would be an Alteration, which was on the fourth Day in the Evening following, in which time, ſhe taking an Opportunity, asked him, How it was with him. *And after ſome little ſpace of Silence he ſaid,* I think that Appearance (*meaning that Viſitation as laſt before mentioned*) the Lord was pleaſed to favour me withal, is an Anchor to my Mind, for I think it was an extraordinary Favour that the Lord was pleaſed to favour me with, and thereto am I Anchored. *Some time after ſhe ſaid,* She hoped his Work was done, (*and he anſwering, ſaid* Yea) *and ſo finiſhed his Courſe that Evening. And we doubt not but that he is entred into that everlaſting Reſt that is prepared for the Righteous.*

He departed this Life on the 18*th Day of the* 8*th Month,* 1721, *being near the* 28*th Year of his Age, and was buried on the* 22*d of the ſame Month, from the* Bull *and* Mouth *Meeting, in Friends Burial-Ground near* Bunhill-Fields, *his Corps being attended to the Grave by a conſiderable Number of Friends and others.*

Some

Some ſerious Obſervations of ſeveral Viſitations of God unto Mankind; and the States and Conditions of ſome on a Bed of Sickneſs, with Inſtructions to the Ignorant.

MOrtality cries in our Ears aloud;
Yet ſeems not much methinks to curb the proud:
And 'tis not only to the Proud I write,
But unto all that may reject the Light;
That they may ſee the Danger they are in,
If they rebel and will perſiſt in Sin.
Some walk as tho' Death could not them come near,
And thro' their Blindneſs they do nothing fear;
They do not ſee the Danger they are in,
Altho' the Devil has them in his Gin:
He captivates their Minds and dulls their Senſes,
They're Servants to him, cauſe they'd pleaſe their Fancies.
God's clear of them in that he lets them know,
They'l be deſtroy'd if they continue ſo:

His Witneſs doth the Conſcience often prick,
Tho' many dare againſt the ſame to kick:
The Time will come when they'll be forc'd to bow,
Tho' they may ſeem ſo high and lofty now;
When God will Judge them in his ſore Diſpleaſure,
If they in Wickedneſs fill up their Meaſure.
And if the Righteous ſcarcely ſhall be ſav'd,
Then what a Portion ſhall the Wicked have?
The wicked ſhall be turned into Hell,
Yea all that do againſt the Light rebel;
Perpetually in Darkneſs to reſide,
Where are the Wicked greatly terrifi'd.
Now if we could eſcape this diſmal Place,
We muſt take heed unto that Light and Grace,
Which God in Mercy unto all hath given,
Whereby we may obtain a Place in Heaven.
God ſaith, He will not always ſtrive with Man,
But gives a Time of Viſitation;
In which he calls to People in their Heart,
That they may from their Wickedneſs depart.
Now if we ſlight when God thus calls by's Grace,
And won't his Viſitation kind embrace,
He'll give us o'er to do what we think beſt,
And ſo at laſt we'll loſe Eternal Reſt.

Some

Some may not underſtand this Inward Call,
Therefore to hint a little on't I ſhall:
This is the Word that's nigh i'th' Heart and Mouth,
Which would inſtruct us in the Way of Truth:
'Twill not conſent to Sin in any Man,
But every where reproveth for the ſame.
That People timely may depart therefrom,
And ſo eſcape the Puniſhment to come;
Which ſurely will at one Time overtake,
All ſuch as won't their ſinful Ways forſake:
For which ſuch People as perſiſt therein,
Are ſenſible of juſt Reproof within:
Of which this is a very apparent Token,
When ſome have evil done or evil ſpoken;
The Lord forgive me, then immediately,
I ſhould not ſo have done, or ſaid, they cry.
Such Viſits are at times to all extended,
When Man in Word or Deed hath God offended;
So that hereby may People plainly know,
When they have done the Thing they ſhould not do;
That inexcuſable will all Men be,
When God ſhall Judge them in Eternity.
This is the Call of the ingrafted Word,
Which God in Love doth unto Man afford;

To which if Man a due Regard would have,
He'd find there's Pow'r in it from Sin to ſave.
It's alſo called Light, becauſe we may
By it's Diſcoveries diſcern our Way;
And when the Tempter comes, the watchful ſee
How he doth lay his Baits alluringly.
It is that Grace which doth Salvation bring,
To all that do it's Leadings mind within.
Its Office is the Heart to purifie,
To cleanſe from Sin and all Iniquity.
This Word indeed hath many Appellations,
According to its different Operations:
It is a Meaſure of the Holy Spirit,
We ſhould do well to take good heed unto it.
It would us learn to pray to God aright,
So as to find Acceptance in his Sight.
Which is a Comfort, if conſidered well,
No earthly Joy can with it parallel.
Now many Ways God hath to ſtrive with Man,
That we may dwell in bliſs with *Abraham*;
Somtimes the Heart he toucheth with his Love,
To win our Minds to Things that are above;
Which makes the ſenſible right glad in Heart,
This cannot be obtain'd by human Art.

Some-

Somtimes he gently checks the Soul for Sin,
That it no longer may remain therein :
If this won't do to make the Creature ſee,
God ſomtimes diſappoints him outwardly ;
That he may query why things go ſo croſs,
And thereby find he's at an inward Loſs.
Somtimes God viſits Man with Sickneſs great,
That he may ſee his unprepared State ;
And if he dies in that Condition, he
With Chriſt and his Redeemed cannot be :
But unavoidably to Hell muſt go,
Where Anguiſh to his Soul he'll ever know:
When thus the Soul it's Danger apprehends,
Then Supplication to the Lord aſcends,
That he a little Time would ſpare him more,
Vowing to be more careful than before :
He would not be ſo light and wanton then,
As in his former Health and Strength he'd been ;
But for the future he would ſerve the Lord,
As long as he would Time to him afford.
When God hath made the Creature thus to ſee,
That he hath ſpent his Time ſo fooliſhly ;
And when by Grace his Heart is humble made,
And at the Lord's Foot-ſtool is proſtrate laid ;

God's ſometimes pleas'd to raiſe the Soul again,
That it a Place in Heaven may obtain;
But if ſuch do the ſecond Time rebel,
What other Place can they expect than Hell?
For tho' to ſome God's pleas'd to be ſo kind,
It is not all that do ſuch Favour find;
Perhaps their Viſitation was not o'er,
But God had Mercy for them yet in ſtore.
I would have none of theſe Things thoughtleſs be,
But make Peruſal of them ſeriouſly;
How ſad 'twould be, if we in Sin ſhould die,
Always to dwell in Woe and Miſery!
For if we die in Sin we can't attain
With Chriſt and his Diſciples for to reign.
Where Sin prevails, it Hardneſs doth create
And ſuffers not God's Grace to operate,
And if Man will in Sinfulneſs remain
Until his Heart's ſo darkned by the ſame,
That he rejects th' Appearance of the Light;
Then God to Sin may give him over quite,
That he his Meaſure may fulfill therein,
Fit for the burning Lake to enter in.

God

God willeth not the Death of him that dies,
But rather he ſhould to Salvation riſe;
Yet if Man will his Light and Grace deſpiſe,
And ſtop his Ear againſt its kind Inſtruction;
Then Man himſelf's the Cauſe of his Deſtruction.
The Fault's his own, the Lord hath done his Part,
And for the ſame will Man ſeverely ſmart.
This Fault of Careleſneſs and Negligence
Before the Judgment Seat for this Offence
What will Man have to ſay in his Defence?
He ſpeechleſs muſt before the great Judge ſtand,
And have his Lot with thoſe on the left Hand.
The Souls eternal Welfare all ſhould mind,
The choiceſt Jewel that a Man can find.
But is by many too much diſreſpected,
And as a Thing of little worth neglected.
Such are great Fools unto themſelves indeed,
They will have no excuſe at all to plead.
Therefore in Sin let none take up a Reſt,
But pray to God with Heart abaſedneſs,
That he is gracious Viſits would extend;
And by his Help we may our Lives amend.
And if in Heart we truly are ſincere,
He may in Love unto our Souls appear;

Let

Let us not therefore make long Conſultation,
But with all Deligence and Application,
Be now preparing for our latter end,
For none knows when God will his Meſſage ſend:
Death ſummons many to the Grave we ſee,
To us we know not how near it may be,
Time's ſo uncertain, I may ſafely ſay,
We'd need be well prepared every Day,
And not to drive it off until we're ill,
We cannot act Repentance when we will.
'Tis God's free Gift, Man can't by his own Power
Unto himſelf true Penitence procure:
'Tis not to ſay I'm ſorry, I repent
That I my Time in folly have miſpent,
Will render Man a ſincere Penitent,
Before God All-wiſe and Omnipotent;
Unleſs the Heart do with the Tongue agree:
God hath regard to Heart Sincerity.
Where true Repentance is, there's tenderneſs,
Humility and Holy Awfulneſs,
Which do preſerve converted Souls from Sin,
'Tis doubtleſs here true Wiſdom doth begin.
Let none that heretofore have gone aſtray,
This needful Work Repentance ſtill delay,
And drive it off unto a dying Day.

We know not but it then may be too late,
Which if it ſhould we're in a woeful State.
Somtimes at once God takes the Senſe away,
Which makes ſuch quite uncapable to pray:
That as in Sin they've lived ſo they die,
And have not made their Peace with God on High.
There's alſo ſome their Time in Sin have ſpent,
Till Sickneſs hath come on them violent:
And when they *thought* they nigh their End have been
The needful Work then left undone they've ſeen,
Which quickly puts them in a great Surprize,
Their evil Deeds ſtanding before their Eyes.
For Sin's the Sting of Death that makes afraid
The Soul that hath the evil one obey'd.
This Work they found too late now to begin,
Having let ſlip the Time to do it in:
They now may cry and on themſelves reflect,
But all their Sighings God doth now reject;
And in this ſad Condition ſome have dy'd,
In Concience being greatly terrify'd;
Their Time of Viſitation now was paſt,
Therefore in endleſs woe they muſt be caſt,
Where Soul Anxiety will ever laſt.

I think unto this State it may be ſaid,
As in the Scripture like unto't we Read,
Becauſe I called, and ye would not hear,
Unto my Counſel you'd not lend an Ear,
Therefore your Prayers now I won't regard,
But for your miſpent Time I'll you reward.
Oh that the Sinner timely may Repent,
So to eſcape that woful Puniſhment,
Which unto Sin and Wickedneſs is due,
As many it may be fear'd will find too true.
When Death draws nigh, 'twill be enough to ſtrive,
With pangs thereof, whilſt that we are alive.
We had not need this Work have then to do,
We'll find that time will ſcarcely on't allow.
It's poſſible we may outſtand our Time,
If that we ſerve our ſelves when in our prime.
Perhaps it may not pleaſe the Lord that we
Shall have a Sick-Bed Opportunity;
For ſome God takes away ſo ſuddenly,
To him for Mercy they've not time to cry.
Some as they've been a walking in the Street,
Have fell down dead, and ne're recover'd it.
And ſuch like things have happen'd much of late,
Which ſhould in us a thoughtfulneſs Create;

Whether

Whether if ſuch a thing ſhould us befall,
Are we prepared for its haſty Call?
The End of the Unrighteous woful is,
Whereas the Righteous enter into Bliſs:
When Death looks them i'th Face they're not afraid,
Having through Faith in Chriſt, God's Call obey'd.
Death's not the King of Terror unto theſe,
But ſometimes of the two, doth rather pleaſe.
Becauſe they've Hope their Enterance will be ſure,
Where they ſhall ever dwell with God moſt pure.
Such Souls the World with Joyfulneſs doth leave,
Hoping a Crown Immortal to receive;
'Tis theſe can ſay, *O Death! where is thy Sting?*
O Grave! unwelcome News thou doſt not bring:
This is a welcome Meſſage unto me,
Becauſe my Happineſs I now foreſee;
I can Triumph o'er Death, Hell and the Grave,
Becauſe my Soul a Reſting Place ſhall have:
Among the Righteous who are gone before,
Their Bleſſed Mediator to Adore:
Where I with them ſhall Joyful Praiſes Sing,
To him whom we have choſe to be our King.
Our Captain our Conductor here on Earth,
By whom we come to know the Second Birth.

That doth Entitle us unto a Crown,
Of Immortality and true Renown:
Which God the Righteous Judge to me will give,
For which I can't but praiſe him while I live:
Some have themſelves to this Effect expreſt,
In full aſſurance of Eternal Reſt:
And 'tis a Comfortable End indeed,
Let it provoke all ſuch as this may Read:
That have been looſe and Vicious heretofore,
To live more Circumſpectly than before,
And vainly ſpend their precious Time no more.
Theſe Things indeed are of the greateſt weight,
They Appertaining to a future State;
And if Men would a little Time but ſpare,
To ponder Things which really needful are,
I think 'twould ſurely make them take more heed
How they their Lives whilſt here on Earth do lead
If this to any may of Service be,
I ſhall not think my Time ſpent needleſly.
The Work is Gods, 'tis he muſt bring't to paſs:
So I ſhall leave it unto him at laſt;
Deſiring that we all in Truth may grow,
And therein a continual Progreſs know;
That when our Time's expir'd, and we muſt die,
We then may reſt with God Eternally;

VVhere

Where Sighs and Sorrowe are all done away,
A bleſſed Portion, I could wiſh all may
At laſt attain to ſee that glorious Day.
Which I believe ſhall n'er Eclipſed be,
Where nought but gladneſs doth accompany,
Such Souls as have obtain'd the Victory.
If on theſe things we'd often Contemplate,
It might deſires in our Minds Create,
That ſome Aſſurance of this happy State,
Which would our Souls Eternally ſatiate,
We might obtain whilſt in this Earthly ſtate,
'Twould yield us peace and ſatisfaction great.
Thus may the Lord be pleas'd to operate,
And by his holy Spirit conſolate,
And ſuch as food forbidden dare not eat,
But for the Breaſts of Conſolation wait;
A Taſte of which, *His* covet frequently,
That they may have to praiſe his Majeſty,
Both here and alſo in Eternity——
And 'tis what I deſire earneſtly,
For ſelf and all that labour for't with me.
I know my Matter's in a mean ſtile pen'd,
Neither did I in writing it deſign,
To pleaſe the Critick, for I don't pretend
To Wit or Learning, neither of em's mine.

The

The chief deſign of theſe my Verſes are,
That ſuch as read them happily may End,
And by the Deaths of wicked Men beware,
Whoſe Souls at laſt great terror doth attend.
But that all may eſcape that diſmal State,
'Tis needful that we often think upon
Our latter End before it be too late;
Time cannot be recall'd, when once it's gone.
Such Thoughts would be as Motives to induce
Our Minds unto a farther Exerciſe;
To live ſo well, as that we might not loſe
The Crown at laſt, the everlaſting Prize;
And that's the Thing which I have aimed at,
That all in fear their moments here might ſpend;
And whoſo live in ſuch an awful State,
I hope will make a Comfortable End.
Theſe things ſeem fooliſh to the worldly wiſe,
Unto the thoughtleſs of a future State;
But woe will be their Lot that do diſpiſe,
The means that would this holy Change compleat.
When nothing that's Unclean ſhall find a place,
Or have admitance into Heaven's Joy;
But all that have contemn'd God's Light and Grace.

And

And pleaded for their Sin, will he deſtroy.
He'll caſt them from his preſence totally,
Their Lot and Portion he will them appoint
In Endleſs woe: this certainly will be
The Portion of the Diſobedient.
And here I leave the Man that pleads for Sin,
Who ſtrives the Devil's Kingdom to maintain;
And ſcoffeth at the Light of Chriſt within,
All ſuch I ſay ſhall dwell in endleſs pain,
Unleſs true Penitence be timely ſought,
And ſpeedily a turning to the Light;
By which the work of Renovation's wrought,
In ſuch who its appearance do not ſlight:
And 'tis what's abſolutely neceſſary
To an admittance into laſting Peace,
To an Habitation in Eternal Glory,
Where Joy unſpeakable ſhall never ceaſe.

Written in the Year, 1710.

By *R. B*

A Leſſon for the Youth.

O Lad! 'tis good to learn God's holy Fear,
A better Thing can't be attained here.
If ſo, thou'lt then ſhun every Evil Path,
By which thoul't gain God's Love, & ſhun his Wrath;
Mind this be ſure; keep not looſe Company,
Leſt thou with them ſhould'ſt act Iniquity:
Altho' as Friends thou may'ſt them dearly love,
Yet they at laſt may not ſo friendly prove:
For what avails a little preſent Joy,
If by theſe Friends, thou ſhould'ſt thy Soul deſtroy.
Take this Advice; if ſuch Things ſhould preſent,
If Sinners thee intice, don't thou conſent.
If thou canſt not Soul's Benefit receive,
I would adviſe thee all ſuch Friends to leave,
Except through Chriſt thou think'ſt thy ſelf ſo ſtrong
As none could thee perſwade to that that's wrong.

And

And if in thy Companions thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
That which doth not unto the Truth agree;
Beſure thou don't thy Spirit mix with theirs,
For if thou doſt, God will not hear thy Prayers.
Joyn not with them in Jeſts and Jollitry,
Which doth the Youth too much accompany,
But in thy converſe with them keep to Truth,
And therein be a Pattern to the Youth;
And then indeed of Service it may be,
When thou by Chance fall'ſt in ſuch Company.
Here thou perhaps may'ſt inſtrumental be,
Truth to promote by thy Sincerity,
And good Behaviour in thy Company,
Oft read the Scriptures and on them peruſe
Slight needleſs Books, the Bible read to chuſe;
The beſt of Counſel we therein may read,
Which if obſerv'd we ſhould the right Path tread.
Remember thy Creator in thy Youth,
And yield thy Neck unto the Yoke of Truth;
Which Yoke will not admit of Sin whilſt here:
It will us learn our Courſe aright to Steer.
As we unto its Dictates do adhere:
For that's Chriſt's Yoke, to walk in holy Fear.
If under it we dwell we ſhall be bleſt,
And after Death obtain eternal Reſt.

Shake off the Yoke of Wickedneſs and Sin,
For at the End 'twill ſorrow ſurely bring.
What doth a little Pleaſure here avail?
Look narrowly, thou'lt ſee a ſting at Tail:
For after Pleaſure cometh Lamentation,
It leads unto a woeful Habitation.
So whil'ſt thou'rt healthy, young and in thy Prime.
Strive God to honour in thy Day and Time;
And if thou honour'ſt him he will the crown,
With everlaſting Joy and true Renown.

R. B. 1710

To the Rich Man.

O Man! in this let not thy Glory be,
That thou art wealthy in a high Degree;
Thou art but Steward of this earthly Treaſure,
And ſee that in't thou take'ſt not too much Pleaſure.
But glory in the Lord that doth it give,
And that's the Way unto his Praiſe to live:

For

For God can take it from thee when he pleaſe,
And all the uſe thou put'ſt it to he ſees;
So let thy Riches to God's Glory tend,
That to thy Store God may a Bleſſing ſend.

R. B. 1710.

A Meditation.

OH! Lord incline my Heart to watch and pray,
Continually, that I may ev'ry Day,
Renew my Strength and Confidence in thee,
And know a Growth in Truth's Simplicity;
In Meekneſs and in all good Converſation,
Coupled with Fear and true Humiliation.
O by thy Wiſdom do thou me direct,
That none have ought againſt me to object;
But that the Work which thou haſt partly wrought,
In Time may be accompliſh'd as it ought;
O that ſweet Solace, that unmixed Wine,
Which thou the Lord art pleas'd to give to thine.

Give me to drink thereof abundantly,
That ſo my Soul may be refreſh'd thereby,
Not only once, or twice, but every Day,
Leſt I for want thereof ſhould go Aſtray.
O that I may be ſettled in the Truth,
Bearing the Chriſtian Yoke now in my Youth;
And when I wait on thee, that I may know,
The precious Streams of Life to overflow;
That ſo the Seed Immortal may be Rais'd,
And thrive thereby unto the Sower's Praiſe:
Remove and take away the hurtful Weed,
That would obſtruct the growing of the Seed;
And that thy Labour may not be in vain,
Be pleas'd to ſend thy ſweet reviving Rain,
O gracious Lord! upon thy tender Plant,
Leſt it ſhould wither and decay for want.
O Reach unto me thus effectually,
My Heart throughout to purge and ſanctifie;
That ſo a cleanſed Veſſel I may be,
Prepar'd to do thy will moſt fervently.
Lord! By thy Power make me like the Clay,
I'th Potter's Hand, that cannot ſay him nay,
O work and faſhion me unto thy Mind!
That I may anſwer what's by thee Deſign'd.

R. B. 1711.

A Word of Advice to the Batchelor in chuſing a Wife, and alſo to the Virgins, that they may be endowed with that preferable Portion in which the Choice conſiſts; to wit, Virtue.

IN my Mind, a religious ſober Wife,
Should add much Comfort to a married Life:
Which if young Men in marrying would obtain,
Let them all high fantaſtick ones refrain,
And aim for ſuch who're virtuouſly inclin'd,
Therein I think they'll moſt Contentment find.
I am for one in whom true Virtue dwells,
For of all nuptial Comforts that Excels;
Where Simpathy and true Communion,
Twixt Man and Wife, in Love and Life is known:
That is the greateſt Joy young Folks can have,
And 'tis what honeſt Hearts in marriage crave.
Therefore, Young Men, look well what choice you make
If in a married Life you'd Comfort take.

Reſpect

Reſpect you not the ſuperfluous dreſs,
Which is according to the Airineſs,
That doth the Minds of ſuch adorn'd poſſeſs.
Mind not the Watch that hangeth by the ſide,
Nor yet the Golden Chain that's wore for Pride.
Admire not the Cut and powder'd Hair;
Shun all that ſo unſeemly do appear.
If all young Men were in the Mind with me,
Theſe haughty ones ſhould diſregarded be:
And if they would have Husbands, they ſhould know
They ſhould not get them by their decking ſo.
There's no true Comfort with ſuch lofty Wives:
Who joyn with them, oft live unhappy Lives.
It's ſure, ſuch cannot help in Sion's Way,
As thoſe whom Virtue doth reſide in may:
And that's the Thing we chiefly ought to mind,
That after Death we may Reception find
With Chriſt, and have this Sentence; *Come ye bleſt,*
Inherit now eternal Peace and Reſt.
So, if young Men their Lives would happy make
In Matrimony, then this Counſel take:
Make choice of one that truly is endow'd,
With Senſe and Virtue that will ſtand approv'd;

Then

Then a true Meet-help to thee may ſhe be,
In things that tend to Truth's Proſperity;
Which will accrue unto thy future Bliſs,
Is what I wiſh that all Souls may poſſeſs,
A being made compleat in Happineſs.

Of Virtue.

VIRTUE's a thing that's to be valued,
And happy's he that's with it furniſhed;
'Twill not in any one admit of Pride,
But maketh lowly where it doth reſide.
It is a Portion that doth Gold excell,
As thoſe that do poſſeſs it, know it well.
It doth conſiſt of ſolid Life and Love,
Which graciouſly proceeds from God above,
Who of it doth to humble Hearts diſpenſe:
They're happy that retain it in their Senſe;
In it there is an hidden Excellence.
It is a Part the Prudent chiefly prize,
And he that finds it may be counted wiſe,
Becauſe 'twill make him rich in heavn'ly Store
Which he or ſhe'll enjoy for evermore.

To the Virgin's.

NOW let young Women ſee
That they be qualifi'd,
With this prefered Portion
That herein is deſcrib'd;
That in the young Men's Choice
Our Virgins may be found,
'Twill to their preſent Joy
And future Bliſs redound;
As they in Virtues ways
To th' End do perſevere,
And as they ſteadfaſtly
To Wiſdoms Voice adhere,
Which would to plainneſs lead
In Speech and Converſation.
'Tis needful for to know
This State of Reformation.
'Twould alſo Counſel to
Refrain theſe Vanities,
As trimming and adorning
With Superfluities,

Theſe

Theſe Bodies, that ſo ſoon
Muſt have their Habitation
I'th the Earth from whence at firſt
They took their Derivation.
And that your Souls may not
deſcend below the Grave,
But that amongſt the Juſt
You may your Portion have.
Be ſure you be'nt with Pride,
But with true Virtue crown'd,
That in the young Mens Choice
you alſo may be found.

Written in the ninth Month, 1712.

A Meditation.

OH Lord, I pray thee, ever let me ſee
The Wiles and Snares o'th cunning Enemy;
That I may them eſcape perpetually,
Leaſt otherwiſe my Feet entangled be,
So as to interrupt my following thee,

I'th Way of Holineſs and Purity,
As thou haſt manifeſted it to me,
To anſwer which I covet earneſtly,
That I may have a reſting Place with thee
In Heavens Happineſs eternally.
Lord! Grant this may at laſt my Portion be,
Whoſe Soul is often bow'd in Poverty,
For want of a renew'd divine Supply
Of that which doth abound exceedingly,
In thy beloved Children frequently,
With whom in Spirit I have Unity,
And greatly love their ſolid Company,
Hoping to have it in Eternity,
Where is enjoyed ſweet Tranquility,
By ſuch as here have walked faithfully,
Who never more ſhall ſeperated be,
But ever dwell in perfect Unity,
In unexpreſſible Felicity.
Now Lord I pray thee to increaſe my Store,
And bleſs my ſmall Proviſion more and more,
That I may thee acceptable adore,
Both now, henceforward, and for evermore,
Is what of thee I humbly do implore.

Written in the fourth Month, 1713.

Upon

Upon the Sight of an Affront.

A Man that would a quiet Mind retain,
At ſmall Affronts he ſhould not be offended,
But paſs them by, and all revenge diſdain,
This Spirit greatly is to be commended.
And what I ſee is good may I purſue,
And diligently covet to embrace;
That unto me God may his favour ſhew,
And evermore preſerve me in my Race:
That to the End I ſafely may arrive,
And with the Righteous then admitted be;
Into that Reſt of which can none deprive,
Where Sion ſhall compleatly happy be.

Written the 16th of the 8th Month, 1713.

A Meditation.

O may my Eye be to the Lord
In what I go about,
That I his approbation may
In all Things have throughout
The whole Courſe of my Converſation:
Be it even ſo,
That his ſweet love and Clemency
My Soul may ever know.

Written in the 8th Month, 1713.

A few Lines in Verſe, to my Brethren and Siſters in a ſpiritual Relation. By one that deſireth the welfare of Sion, *and the enlargement of her Borders.*

MY Brethren and tender Siſters Dear,
VVho nearly unto me related are,
I have a Word to you, a Family,
With whom I have a feeling Sympathy;
The Lord increaſe it, if it be his Will,
And us unto himſelf draw nearer ſtill,
That one anothers Comfort we may be,
In him the Author of Felicity.
My Brethren who have receiv'd a ſhare
I'th Miniſtry in publick to appear,
I hope 'twill be your chief Concern to make
Improvement in the ſame, for *Sion*'s ſake.

The

The Lord his Work yet carry on, and Proſper
Abundantly, I earneſtly deſire,
That Righteouſneſs, true Fellowſhip and Peace,
May in our native Land much more encreaſe.
Dear Siſters! Yet a little while to you,
Who unto your Vocation have been true.
I have at Times with you been comforted,
I'th Father's Love, which hath repleniſhed.
Such bowed Souls, as can't be ſatisfi'd
Whithout they be with Food divine ſupply'd.
The Lord yet raiſe in us a fervent *Zeal*,
And ardent Breathings more and more to feel,
The pleaſant Stream of Love and Life to flow;
That we together in the Truth may grow.
And tho' our Souls at Times may ſuffer want;
So that we've been almoſt inclin'd to faint;
Fearing, that State of Peace and Plentiouſneſs,
Which ſome enjoy with ſo much thankfulneſs
We never ſhould attain to and poſſeſs.
We are attended with ſuch Poverty,
That each one ſaith, *Sure none is like to me!*
Yet as the Lord has brought us hitherto,
I hope, my Friends, he will preſerve us thro',

Unto

Unto the Land of Reſt and Quietneſs,
An everlaſting Sabbath to poſſeſs,
And as we've had a reliſh of his Peace,
I alſo hope to us it will encreaſe;
As we in a ſincere and patient Mind,
To watchfulneſs and Prayer are inclin'd.
The Lord encreaſe poor *Sion*'s little Store,
And bleſs her ſmall Proviſion, more and more;
So may it be, I earneſtly deſire,
That we his Love and Goodneſs may admire.
How amiable and loving in my Sight,
Are you, dear Hearts, who make it your delight
To watch, and wait, and pray, that Life may ſpring,
And ſeek it more than any other Thing.
O may my Soul herein with you be joyn'd,
And to an Earneſt labour be inclin'd;
That Truth may proſper more abundantly,
Which in my Day, I covet much to ſee.
What ſhall we ſay? the Work indeed is great,
Which ſeems to me, God meaneth to compleat.
That Righteouſneſs ſhall flow exceedingly,
And Satan's works deſtroyed totally,
Though now the Earth is fill'd with Vanity.

Iniquity

Iniquity it greatly doth appear,
Almoſt in every place we ſee and hear;
Yet 'tis believ'd, it's God's determination,
I'th Earth to work a thorough Reformation;
And it's his will, through Inſtruments, we ſee,
To carry on the Work of Sanctity.
Wherefore, methinks I long that many may
Be fitted for the Buſineſs of the Day.
O may the Lord reveal his Power near,
And us eſtabliſh in his holy Fear;
That we of this ſucceeding Generation,
May be as Lights and Way-marks to the Nation,
In Holineſs of Life and Converſation;
That *Sion*'s Beauty may in us appear,
To thoſe that ſtill in Death and Darkneſs are;
That they, beholding of her Comelineſs,
May be provoked unto Righteouſneſs,
And leave their forms the ſubſtance to poſſeſs.
Now you my Friends, whoſe dwelling's near the Spring
That can with Joy to its ariſing ſing;
Remember thoſe, who ſo abundantly,
May not the ſtreams of *Shiloh*'s Brook enjoy.

Oh

Oh be concern'd to pray and intercede
That ſuch with you may plentifully feed,
Who can't themſelves in any thing delight,
That's not approv'd of in th' Almighty's ſight;
But ſeek to wait in true Humiliation,
That they may know the Breaſts of Conſolation
Their longing Souls to Comfort and Revive,
By which alone they are preſerv'd alive.
And ſtrengthened unto the Lord to cry,
That he may grant them a renew'd ſupply,
Suitable to their Souls Neceſſity.
The Lord theſe keep, confirm their feeble knees,
Enable them his holy Name to Praiſe;
That with the ſtrong they may with cheerfulneſs,
Walk ſafely on i'th way of Holineſs,
And know Advances in their faithfulneſs.
O may we be preſerv'd continually,
In Patience, Meekneſs and Humility;
Spending our few uncertain Moments here,
In holy Awfulneſs and Godly Fear;
That when we're nigh this mortal Life to leave,
We may a full Aſſurance then receive
Of Reſting with the Lord in endleſs Joy,
Where nothing can come near us to annoy.

The Lord, I pray, make ſweet that bitter Cup
Unto us all, before we drink it up;
With the Aboundings of Cœleſtial Peace,
Which in eternity will yield us Eaſe.
Great Riches this, unto the Soul will be,
When from it may all outward Comforts flee.
The Lord Conduct us to his Glorious Reſt,
Of which we never may be diſpoſſeſs'd:
Where with the Saints and holy Angels we
His Preſence may enjoy perpetually.
So now my Friends, I'le bid you all farewell;
Deſiring here, we may in Concord dwell;
And in Eternal Joy hereafter meet,
Where we again may never ſeparate;
But ſhall enjoy each others Company,
In perfect Peace and Heavenly Unity,
Uninterrupted to Eternity,

So Sincerely deſireth Richard Bockett, *jun.*
Written the 9th of the 11*th Month*, 1713.

A Meditation.

CHriſt's little Flock, and tender Ones Rejoyce
With Chearful Hearts to hear their Sheperd's Voice:
And they a Stranger never durſt to follow,
Nor can they his unwholſom Paſture ſwallow.
Though pleaſant to the fleſhly Appetite,
Yet doth it not theſe tender ones invite,
Or tempt in any wiſe thereof to eat,
Becauſe they've fed upon the fineſt Wheat,
And Honey too out of the living Rock,
Hath Chriſt diſpenſed to his little Flock;
Wherefore thereof they having had a Taſt,
Forbidden food behind their Backs they caſt,
Tho' ſometimes he may ſuffer them to faſt.
The Lord incline our Minds on him to wait,
Daily to witneſs this Renowned State,
Of being fed by him our Sheperd great;
That we may live unto the Lord alone,
And what we do, may to his Praiſe be done.

The Lord preſerve us by his heavenly Power,
And us attend i'th moſt diſtreſſed Hour;
And that the Angel of his Preſence we
May each one witneſs to accompany,
Our Souls from Time unto Eternity;
Is what a Remnant are Induſtriouſly,
Concerned for, whilſt here continually.
The Lord preſerve all ſuch where e're they be,
And bring them to the heavenly Country,
For which they are concern'd ſo zealouſly,
Ev'n to thoſe Manſions of Felicity,
Where Joy and Peace abounds eternally.

Written by R. B. 1713.

A Meditation.

LORD, ever keep me on a conſtant watch;
That Sin in any kind may not be catch.
When any Thing contrary to thy Mind,
On me prevailes, it trouble brings, I find,
Wherefore I covet that I kept may be,
From every Thing, Lord, that offendeth thee;
That ſolid Comfort, Peace, and Quietneſs,
I may in Soul continually poſſeſs.
And when my Time ſhall here expired be,
May then a Portion have allotted me,
Where Joy and Peace abounds perpetually.
Where thy redeem'd compleately happy are,
And no Diſturber may to them come near.
But in the Fountain of cœleſtial Peace,
Can they rejoyce and reſt in perfect eaſe.

That this my Portion may hereafter be,
Lord help me faithfully to follow thee;
That after all theſe Exerciſes here,
Of divers kinds whereof i've had ſome ſhare,
My Soul may ſolace in the Joy that's there.

Written the 30th of the 7th Month, 1714.

R. B.

To *J. B.*

J. *B.* I thought fit theſe few Lines to write,
And do not thou my wholſome Counſel ſlight:
When to a ſolemn Meeting thou doſt go,
Wait on the Lord, ſome benefit to know;
That thereby thou may'ſt Overcome that evil
Which certainly proceedeth from the Devil;
As talking, laughing, in the Meeting Time,
O ſhun it therefore as a heinous Crime.
When ſome in ſolid Thoughtfulneſs have ſate,
Then thou in them a lightneſs would'ſt create.

I've

I've often times much troubled been, to ſee
How rude thou haſt behav'd thy ſelf to me;
In looking, ſtaring, laughing in my Face;
Indeed theſe Things to me ſeem very baſe,
But, if thou wilt for Time to come amend.
I ſhould be glad ſome Time with thee to ſpend,
It would pleaſe me to ſee thee well inclin'd,
And to the Reprover's Voice turn in thy Mind;
Which would thee lead from Darkneſs unto Light,
Then may'ſt thou find acceptance in God's Sight,
Whoſe piercing Eye doth ſee Man's inward Part,
And looks unto the bottom of the Heart,
Wherein he ſeeth what's chiefeſt in our View.
Unto vain Pleaſures let us bid adieu.
Unto the Lord let us put up our Cry,
That he may be the chiefeſt in our Eye.
Indeed this Work and Change cannot be known,
By any Strength that we have of our own;
But if we eye the Lord, he'll give us ſtrength,
That we may be victorious at length.
Reſiſting the Temptations of the Devil,
And ſhuning all appearances of Evil.
It's good to think upon our latter End:
We know not when God will his Meſſage ſend.

Death

Death will appear, unknown to us how ſoon,
Whether i'th Morning, Night, or Afternoon.
He'll not be brib'd by Silver nor by Gold :
He will not ſpare the Young, nor yet the Old.
Here is a Work whereunto we muſt come,
Or elſe we muſt not enter God's Kingdom.
The Counſel which I unto thee impart,
I do deſire may lodge in my own Heart ;
Both Young and Old aſſuredly have need,
Of Chriſt to ſave, and for us intercede.
We are too apt to err and go aſide ;
But if we ſtrive unto his Praiſe to live,
God's Merciful and Ready to forgive.
O let us ſtrive unto his Praiſe to live.
John, let this on thy Heart impreſſion take.
And what herein is mention'd now forſake ;
See how Things ſtand approved in the Sight,
Of God's All-ſeeing Eye, I thee excite.
And unto Him, whoſe Dwelling is Above,
Now do I recommend thee, *John* in Love.

From thy loving Friend and School-Fellow,

Richard Bockett.

F I N I S.